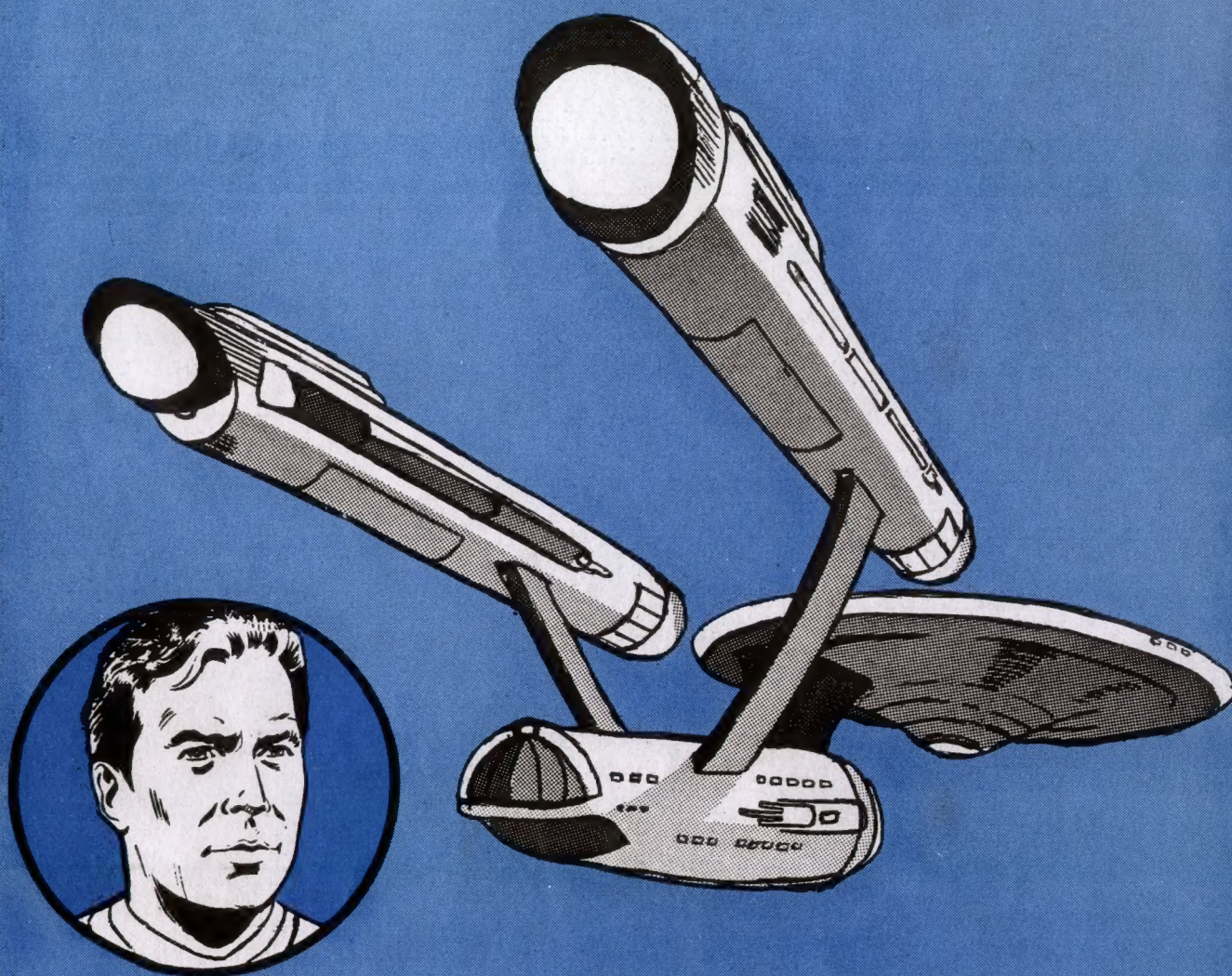


STAR TREK®

VOYAGES *of the* ENTERPRISE

NOSTALGIA WORLD COMIC SECTION

No. 1



STAR TREK®

A creation of Gene Roddenberry

now appearing ... comic page

STAR TREK®

Oregon

Journal





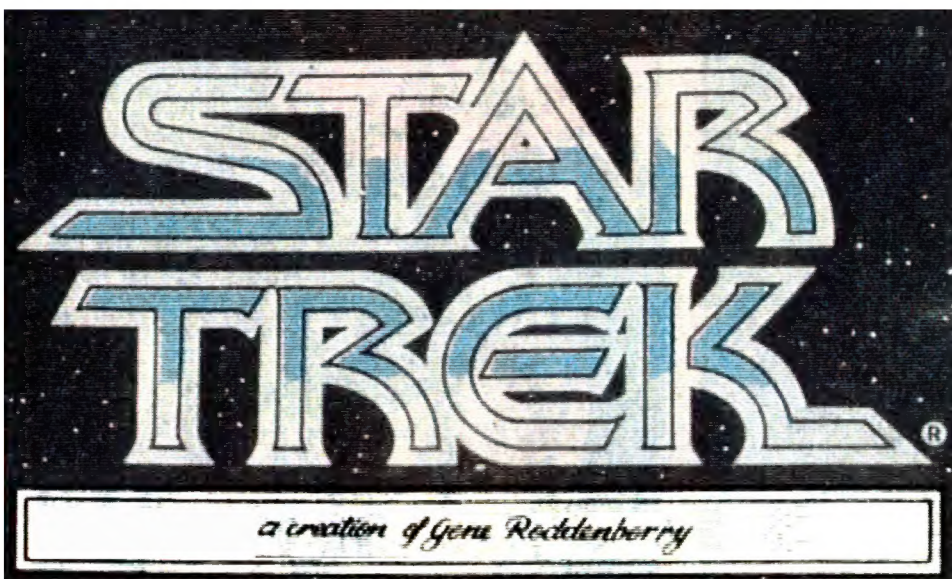
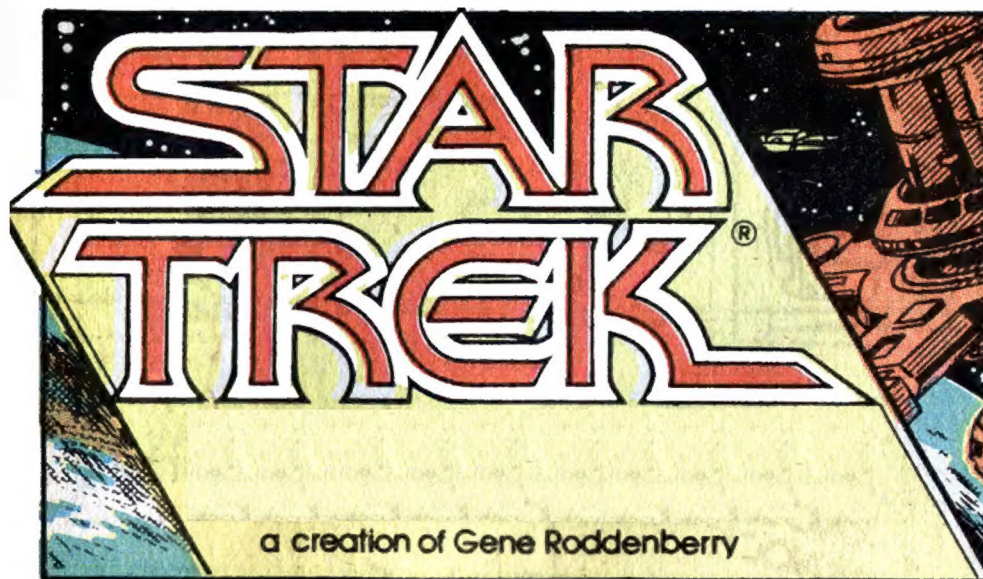
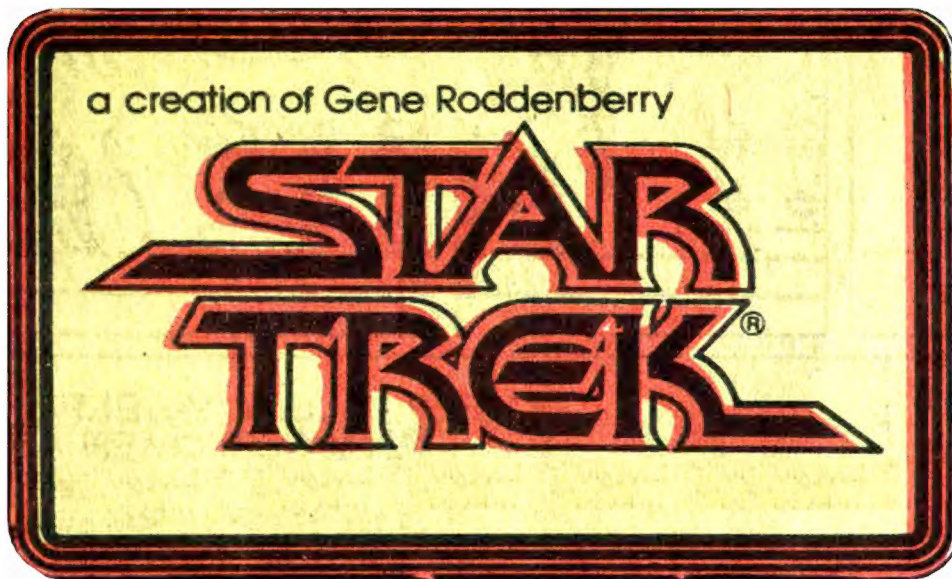
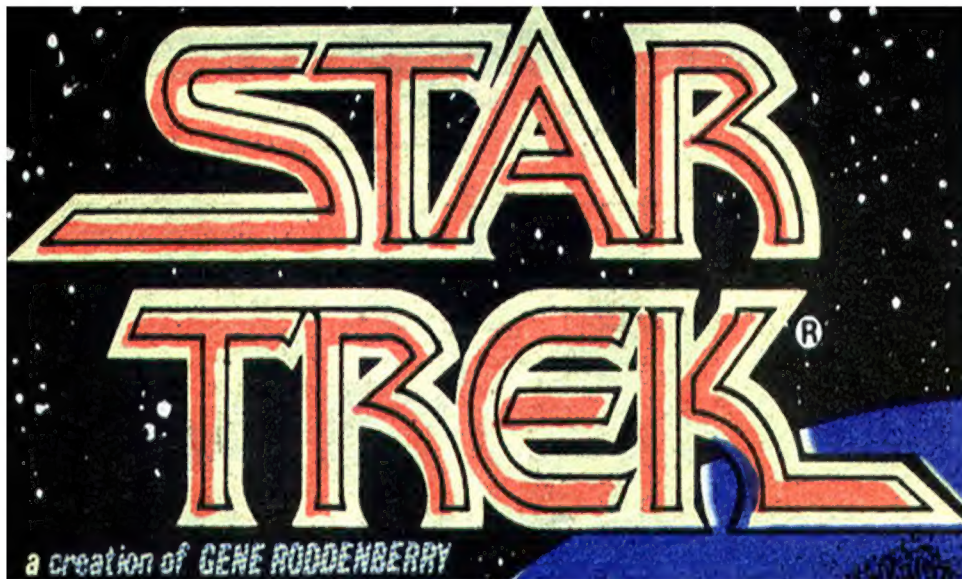
NCC - 1701
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

STAR TREK®

**The legend is now
the comic strip.**



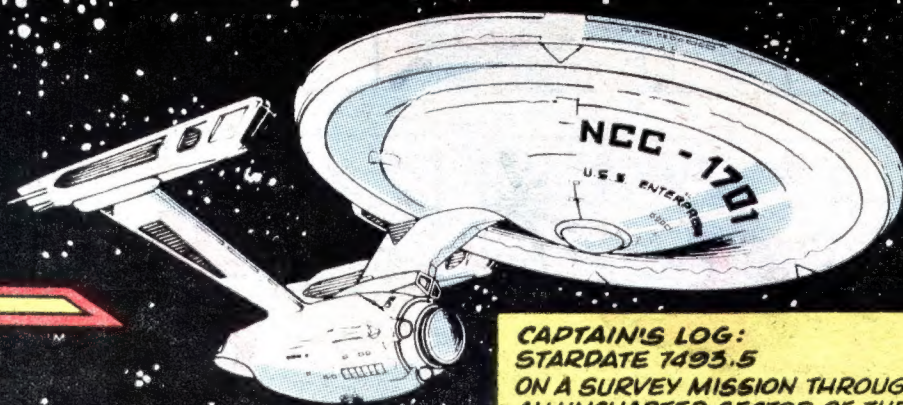
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STAR TREK

A CREATION OF
GENE RODDENBERRY



CAPTAIN'S LOG:
STARDATE 1493.5
ON A SURVEY MISSION THROUGH
AN UNCHARTED SECTOR OF THE
GALAXY, WE HAVE PICKED UP A
RADIO TRANSMISSION FROM AN
UNEXPLORED SUN SYSTEM.

A VERBAL MESSAGE,
SIR, THE WORD
"COME", REPEATING
IN A LANGUAGE
THE COMPUTER
IDENTIFIES
AS TOLTAN!



AN ANCIENT
LANGUAGE,
CAPTAIN.

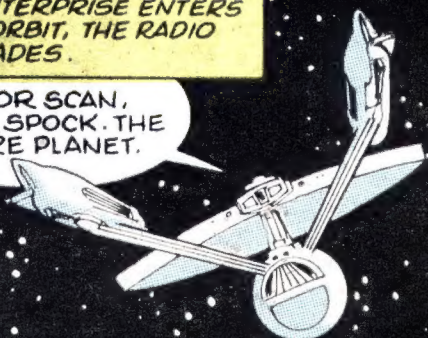


AND AN INTRIGUING
INVITATION, SPOCK.

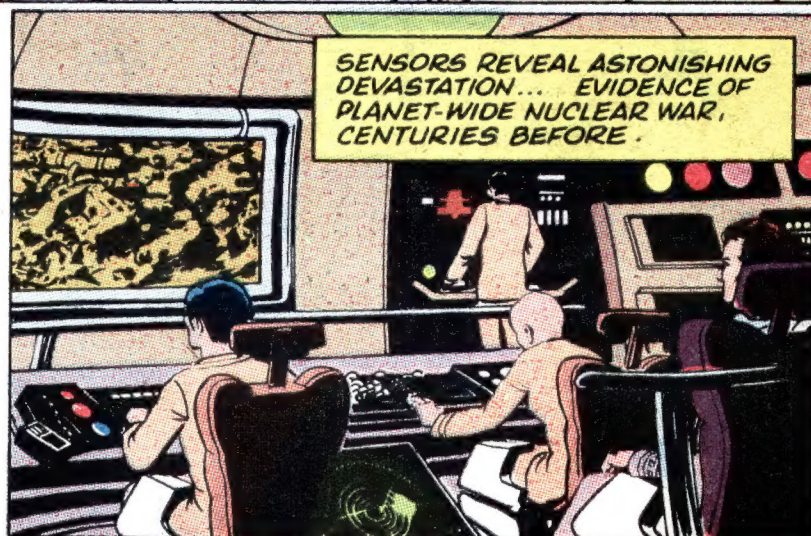
ALTER COURSE,
LIEUTENANT.
WARP THREE,
MISTER SULU.

STARDATE 1493.9
AS THE ENTERPRISE ENTERS
PARKING ORBIT, THE RADIO
SIGNAL FADES.

SENSOR SCAN,
MISTER SPOCK. THE
ENTIRE PLANET.



SENSORS REVEAL ASTONISHING
DEVASTATION... EVIDENCE OF
PLANET-WIDE NUCLEAR WAR,
CENTURIES BEFORE.



INTENSE
RADIATION, CAPTAIN,
SUFFICIENT TO
PRECLUDE ORGANIC
LIFE FOR THOUSANDS
OF YEARS.



SIR,
I'VE LOCATED
THE SOURCE
OF THAT
SIGNAL...

IT'S
COMING FROM
THE PLANET'S
MOON!



MISTER SPOCK, DOCTOR
MCCOY, MEET ME IN THE
TRANSPORTER ROOM IN
TEN MINUTES, DRESSED
FOR A MOON WALK...
LET'S GET OUT AND
STRETCH OUR LEGS.



THOMAS
WARKENTIN

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CAPTAIN'S LOG: STARDATE 7493.9
WE ARE RESPONDING TO A VERBAL
RADIO TRANSMISSION EMANATING
FROM THE MOON OF A PLANET
DEVASTATED BY NUCLEAR WAR
CENTURIES BEFORE. THE MESSAGE
CONSISTS OF THE WORD "COME",
REPEATED IN A LANGUAGE OUR
COMPUTER IDENTIFIES AS TOLTAN,
THE SPEECH OF AN ANCIENT RACE.

STILL UNABLE TO
PINPOINT SIGNAL
SOURCE, CAPTAIN,
BUT WE HAVE A
CLEAR VISUAL
OF A SURFACE
OBJECT.

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INCREASE
MAGNIFICATION
LET'S HAVE A
CLOSER LOOK AT
THAT THING.

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IT'S SOME KIND OF
PRE WARD-DRIVE
SPACECRAFT.

IT APPEARS
TO BE, CAPTAIN.

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SPOCK,
BONES...

LET'S FIND OUT. WE WERE
ABOUT TO BEAM DOWN WHEN
WE SPOTTED THAT SHIP.

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STAR TREK

A CREATION OF GENE RODDENBERRY

FOOTPRINTS...
TWO SETS, LEADING
AWAY FROM THE
SHIP.

CAPTAIN'S LOG: STARDATE 7494.0
UNABLE TO PINPOINT THE SOURCE OF
A RADIO SIGNAL EMANATING FROM THE
MOON OF A DEVASTATED PLANET, FIRST
OFFICER SPOCK, DOCTOR MCCOY AND I
HAVE BEAMED TO A CENTURIES-OLD
SPACECRAFT ON THE SURFACE.

THRUSTERS ON,
GENTLEMEN, WE'LL
SEE WHERE THEY
LEAD US.

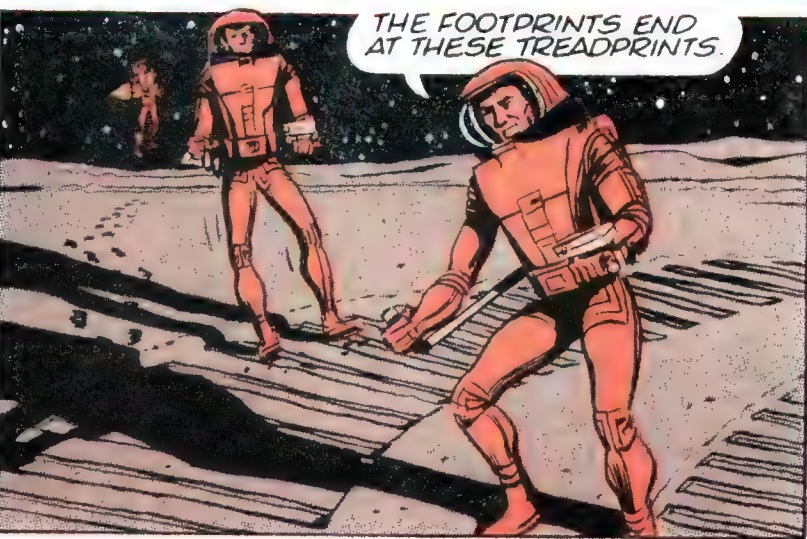
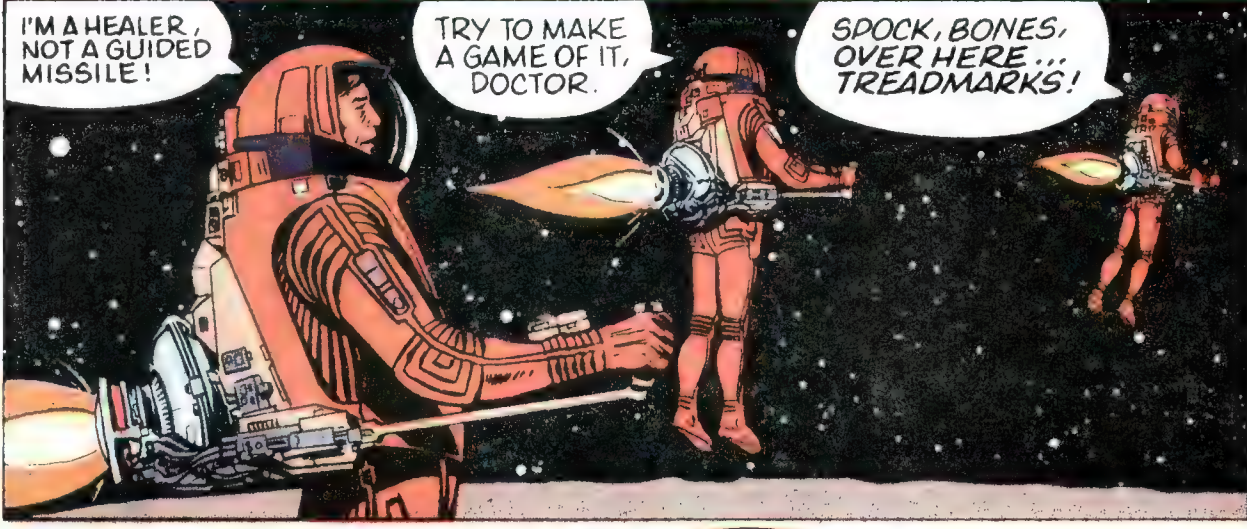
I'M A HEALER,
NOT A GUIDED
MISSILE!

TRY TO MAKE
A GAME OF IT,
DOCTOR.

SPOCK, BONES,
OVER HERE...
TREADMARKS!



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THE FOOTPRINTS END
AT THESE TREADPRINTS.



KIRK TO ENTERPRISE.
I WANT AN EXACT
FIX ON THAT
SIGNAL.



UHURA HERE, CAPTAIN. WE HAVE IT.
APPROACHING YOU... SHOULD BE VISIBLE
OVER YOUR CRATER RIM, ABOUT... NOW.



YES,
WE CAN
SEE IT!

MOST
INTERESTING.

THOMAS
WARKENTIN

Dist. by L.A. Times Synd. 12.9.79 No. 2



TWO SETS OF BIPEDAL FOOTPRINTS LEAD AWAY FROM THE SPACECRAFT. KIRK, SPOCK AND MCCOY FOLLOW THEM TO WHERE THEY ARE MET BY TREADPRINTS. UHURA, FROM THE ENTERPRISE, PROVIDES AN EXACT FIX ON THE SIGNAL. ITS SOURCE IS MOBILE, APPROACHING THE LANDING PARTY, AND CRESTING THE RIM OF THEIR CRATER NOW.

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IT'S A VEHICLE OF SOME KIND.

THE MESSAGE WAS IN TOLTAN. I'VE SEEN TOLTAN ARTIFACTS, BUT NOTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE THAT!

YES, BUT I SUSPECT THAT TRANSPORT IS NOT ITS SOLE FUNCTION.

MOVING SMOOTHLY ON ITS TREADS, THE APPARITION ADVANCES RAPIDLY UPON THE LANDING PARTY.

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TWELVE METERS FROM THE LANDING PARTY, THE STRANGE VEHICLE SLOWS, AND STOPS.

KIRK TO ENTERPRISE... I WANT A SECURITY TEAM IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM, READY TO BEAM DOWN AT MY ORDER.

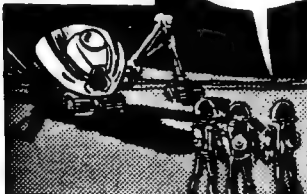
SCOTT HERE, CAPTAIN... THEY'LL BE READY. WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

LATER, SCOTTY KIRK OUT.

WHY HAVE THEY JUST STOPPED THERE? WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?

MAYBE THEY WANT US TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.

NOT "THEY"... "IT".

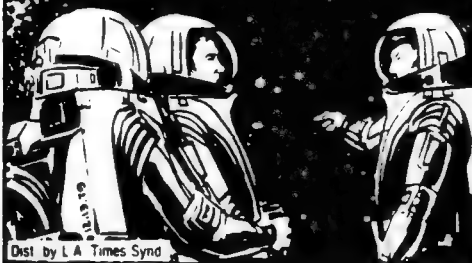


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THERE ARE NO LIFE-FORMS WITHIN IT. IT IS A ROBOT. I SUGGEST THAT WE...

A CRACKLING BEAM ARCS FROM THE ROBOT'S DOME, ENVELOPING THE TRIO IN A NUMBING NIMBUS.



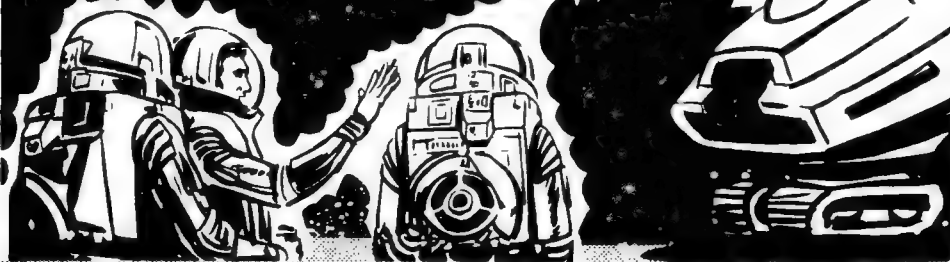
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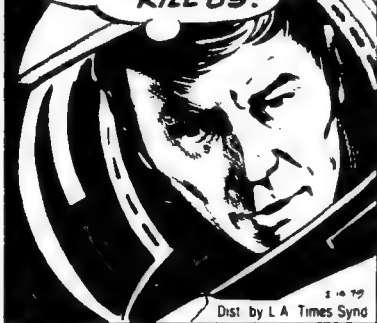
FROZEN WHERE THEY STAND, UNABLE TO MOVE, THEY CAN ONLY LISTEN AS SOUNDLESS WORDS SEEM TO EMANATE FROM THE ROBOT, AND ARE "HEARD" IN THEIR MINDS.

HEAR NOT WHO ARE LOVED



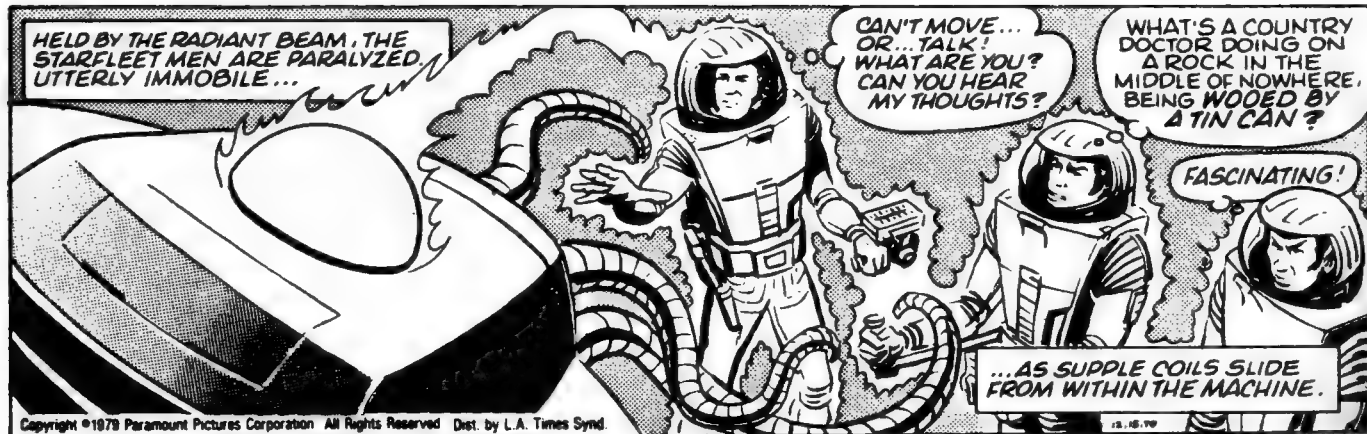
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PARALYZED! DIFFICULT TO BREATHE... STRAIN ON THE HEART... A LITTLE MORE OF THIS COULD KILL US!



2-16-79
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HELD BY THE RADIANT BEAM, THE STARFLEET MEN ARE PARALYZED, UTTERLY IMMOBILE...



CAN'T MOVE... OR... TALK! WHAT ARE YOU? CAN YOU HEAR MY THOUGHTS?

WHAT'S A COUNTRY DOCTOR DOING ON A ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, BEING WOODED BY A TIN CAN?

FASCINATING!

...AS SUPPLE COILS SLIDE FROM WITHIN THE MACHINE.

a creation of GENE RODDENBERRY

ARK, EON GATE TAIN

SECURITY TEAM STANDING BY, MISTER SCOTT, READY TO BEAM.

THOMAS WARKENTH

AT THAT MOMENT, KIRK, SPOCK AND MCCOY ARE BEING GATHERED, GENTLY, INTO THE ROBOT'S METALLIC COILS.


ENTERPRISE TO LANDING PARTY.
COME IN,
PLEASE.

IF
ONLY WE
COULD!

INTERESTING... IT'S TAKING
CARE TO NOT INJURE US.

STILL PARALYZED; THE
STARFLEET MEN ARE
UNABLE TO RESPOND
TO UHURA'S CLEAR
VOICE HEARD IN THEIR
HELMET RECEIVERS.

WITH THE MEN FROM THE ENTERPRISE HELPLESS
IN ITS COILS, THE ROBOT MOVES SWIFTLY
ACROSS THE STARK MOONSCAPE...

[illegible]

WHICH ROCKS BACK
SMOOTHLY TO COVER
THE OPENING.



NO RESPONSE FROM THE LANDING PARTY... AND THE REPEATING SIGNAL HAS STOPPED. WE'RE GETTING NOTHING FROM THAT MOON.

LET'S HAVE A CLOSE VISUAL AND HEAT SCAN OF THE SURFACE. SOMETHING TELLS ME THOSE LADS HAVE RUN INTO TROUBLE!

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LET'S HAVE
A CLOSE VISUAL
AND HEAT SCAN
OF THE SURFACE.
SOMETHING TELLS
ME THOSE LADS
HAVE RUN INTO
TROUBLE!



KIRK, SPOCK AND MCCOY ARE GATHERED, GENTLY, INTO THE ROBOT'S COILS... UNABLE TO RESPOND TO UHURA'S CLEAR VOICE, HEARD IN THEIR HELMET RECIEVERS.

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THEY ARE TAKEN ON A BRIEF, BIZARRE RIDE ACROSS THE STARK MOONSCAPE... THROUGH A HIDDEN PORTAL...

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AND DOWN A SUBSURFACE CORRIDOR, DESCENDING INTO DARKNESS.

ENTERPRISE TO LANDING PARTY... COME IN, PLEASE.

IF ONLY WE COULD!

IF WE GET OUT OF THIS... NO MORE HOUSE-CALLS!

HOLDING KIRK, SPOCK AND MCCOY IN ITS COILS, THE ROBOT MOVES OUT OF THE DARK CORRIDOR...

AND INTO AN ILLUMINATED CHAMBER... VAST, AND FILLED WITH EVIDENCE OF AN ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.

ALL THIS MACHINERY... FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

EASIER TO BREATHE, NOW.

THAT ROW OF CABINETS, ALL EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR THE TWO ON THE END.

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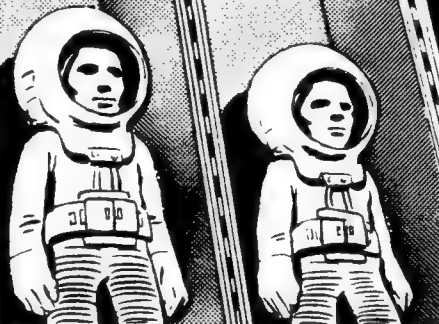


MOVING ALONG THE ROW OF EMPTY CABINETS, THE ROBOT STOPS NEAR TWO AT THE END...

THOSE TWO LOOK ALMOST HUMAN.

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OCCUPIED BY STILL FIGURES, AS MOTIONLESS AS STATUES.



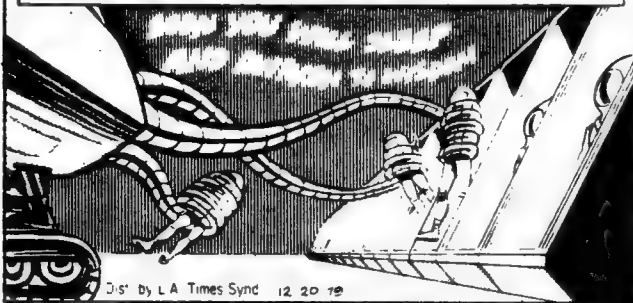
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COULD THEY HAVE MADE THE FOOT-PRINTS ON THE SURFACE... OVER NINE HUNDRED YEARS AGO?



AS THE STARFLEET MEN STARE AT THE FIGURES, THE COILS ABOUT THEM BEGIN TO MOVE.

SEEMING NOW TO EMANATE FROM ALL ABOUT THEM, SOUNDLESS CONCEPTS ARE AGAIN "HEARD" IN THEIR MINDS AS KIRK, SPOCK AND MCCOY ARE PLACED IN CABINETS NEXT TO THE TWO ALREADY OCCUPIED...



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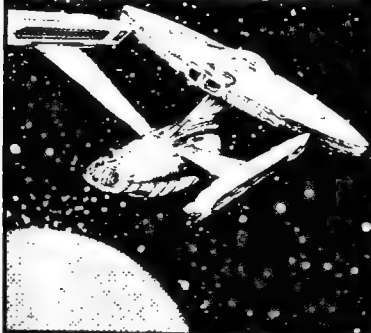
THE STARFLEET MEN ARE AWARE, NOW, OF THE FUNCTION OF THE CABINETS.



THEY'RE HYPERSLEEP CHAMBERS FOR DEEP SPACE TRAVEL AT SUB-WARP SPEEDS!



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ENTERPRISE, THE MOOD IS TENSE ...



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CAN'T RAISE THE LANDING PARTY, MISTER SCOTT, BUT WE HAVE A VISUAL OF SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE ...



AYE, TREAD MARKS! AT LEAST IT'S SOMETHING TO GO ON... WE'LL GIVE THEM TEN MINUTES, THEN WE GO AFTER THEM!

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WITHIN THE HYPERSLEEP CHAMBERS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE "MOON" KIRK, SPOCK AND MCCOY BECOME AWARE OF A DEEP, SOPORIFIC HUM.

PARALYSIS WEARING OFF... MUST SWITCH ON COMMUNICATOR! ... BUT THAT HUM... MAKING... ME... SOOO SLEEPY.



NERVES TINGLING... PARALYSIS FADING... THAT DEEP HUMMING... ALMOST SUBSONIC... SLEEP INDUCING... FEELING VERY... DROWSY...



ZZZZZZ



STAR TREK®

A CREATION OF
GENE RODDENBERRY

IN THE HYPERSLEEP CHAMBERS BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, KIRK, SPOCK AND MCCOY ARE SUBJECTED TO A SOPORIFIC VIBRATION. DOCTOR MCCOY IS THE FIRST TO SUCCUMB. CAPTAIN KIRK AND COMMANDER SPOCK STRUGGLE TO RESIST SLEEP.

PHYSICAL PARALYSIS WEARING OFF... MUST CONTACT ENTERPRISE... BUT I'M GETTING SO SLEEPY.

THIS VIBRATION... LIKE SLOW DELTA WAVES, INDUCING SLEEP... BY ALTERING THE ELECTRICAL PERIOD OF THE CORTICAL NEURONS!

THE LAST AWAKE, THE HALF HUMAN, HALF VULCAN SCIENCE OFFICER PUTS VULCAN MIND-CONTROL TO A GRUELING TEST...

MUST... KEEP MY EYES OPEN... STRENGTHEN ALPHA RHYTHMS... SUPPRESS THETA ACTIVITY!

THOMAS WARKENTIN

RESISTING SLEEP LONG ENOUGH TO REACH THE SWITCH OF HIS COMMUNICATOR.

SPOCK TO ENTERPRISE... ADJUST TRANSPORTER TO WIDE FIELD... BEAM UP EVERYONE IN TARGET AREA. THERE ARE TWO OTHERS. SPOCK OUT.

MISTER SULU, YOU HAVE THE CON. HAVE DOCTOR CHAPEL MEET ME IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM RIGHT AWAY.

SHORTLY...

YOU HAD US WORRIED.

WE'RE ALRIGHT, DOCTOR, BUT OUR GUESTS MAY NEED SPECIAL CARE.

WHO ARE THEY?

WE DON'T KNOW... YET.

BONES, LET ME KNOW THE MINUTE THEY'RE AWAKE.

SPOCK, I HAVE A TASK FOR YOU.

WE BELIEVE THEY'VE BEEN IN HYPERSLEEP OVER 900 YEARS.

AND SPOCK... THANKS!

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EXCERPT FROM CAPTAIN'S LOG:
STARDATE 7494.2 INSIDE THE
 HYPER-SLEEP CHAMBERS, OUR PARALYSIS
 BEGAN TO FADE AS WE WERE SUBJECTED
 TO A SOPORIFIC VIBRATION WHICH,
 ACCORDING TO SPOCK, INDUCES SLEEP
 BY ALTERING THE ELECTRICAL PERIOD
 OF THE CORTICAL NEURONS. AFTER
 DOCTOR MCCOY AND I HAD YIELDED TO
 SLEEP, SPOCK USED VULCAN MIND-
 CONTROL TO ENHANCE HIS ALPHA
 STATE AND SUPPRESS THETA ACTIVITY,
 REMAINING AWAKE LONG ENOUGH TO
 REACH HIS COMMUNICATOR AND HAVE
 US, INCLUDING THE LITTLE ALIENS,
 BEAMED ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE.

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**KIRK AND SPOCK SCAN
 THE MOON IN DEPTH.**



NO
 LIFE-FORMS
 REMAIN
 ON IT.

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AND CAPTAIN,
 THAT "MOON" IS
 LARGELY HOLLOW,
 WITH A HULL OF
 NEUTRONIUM.

THAT
 EXPLAINS THE
 LOW GRAVITY...
 THE THING
 IS A FAKE!



THEIR VITAL
 SIGNS HAVE
 STABILIZED.

SLOW PULSE
 FOR THEIR
 SIZE, BUT
 IT MAY BE
 NORMAL.



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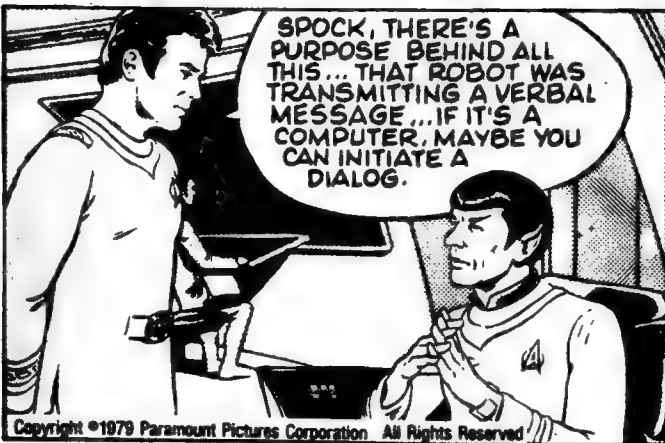
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THEY APPEAR TO BE
 REMARKABLY FIT...
 AND UNAFRAID.
 PRESUMABLY, THEY
 HAVE SPEECH.

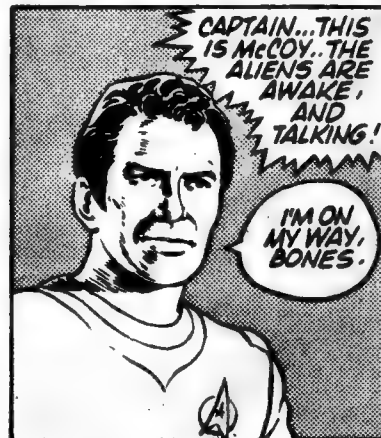


HELLO.





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Dist. by L.A. Times Synd. 12.27.79





OUR WORLD IS ON THE BRINK OF TOTAL WAR.

BOTH FACTIONS HAVE A NEW AND DEADLY WEAPON.

WE HOPE TO USE THE MOON AS A WEAPONS PLATFORM.

TO ENFORCE PLANET-WIDE PEACE.

THEY'LL HAVE TO BE TOLD..

THEIR PLANET WAS DESTROYED BY WAR OVER 900 YEARS AGO!



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THIS IS A SHOCK, BECAUSE THE TWO OF US HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ...SKEPTICAL.

SKEPTICAL?

MOST OF OUR PEOPLE ADHERE TO THE ANCIENT BELIEF ...THAT THE MOON IS A SACRED PLACE...A SHIP, GUIDED BY THE GODS.

YOU ARE GODS, ARE YOU NOT?



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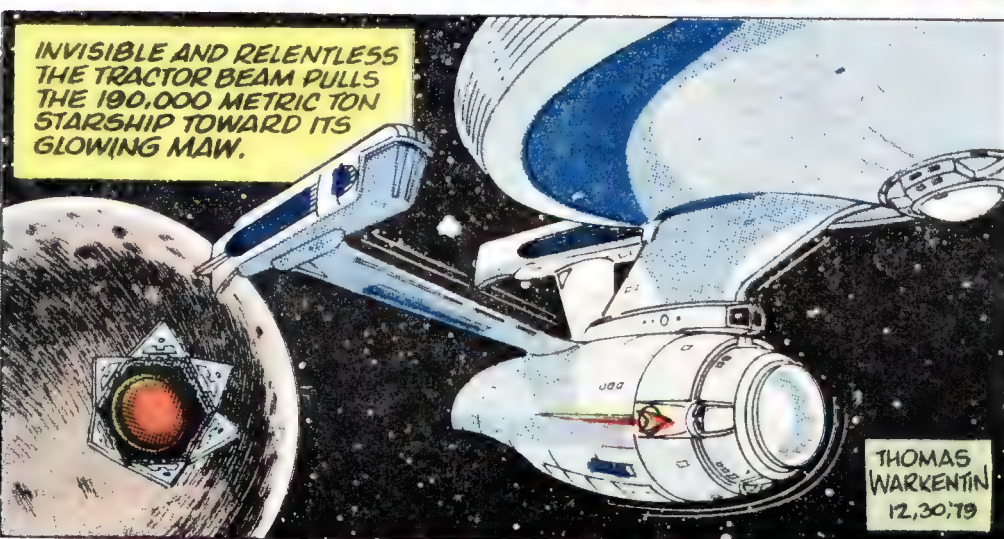
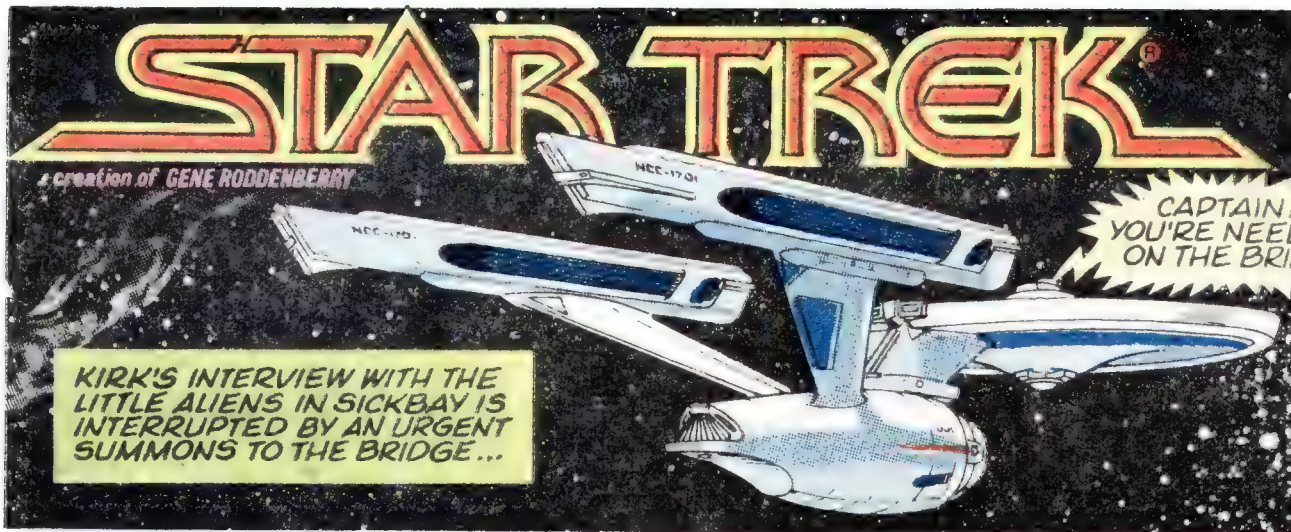


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GODS?

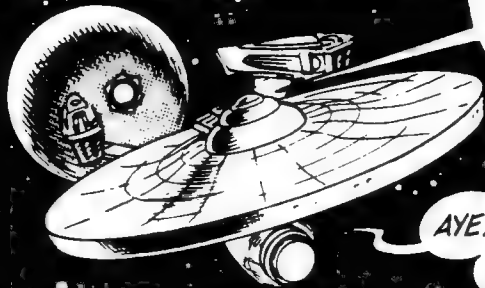
CAPTAIN... SPOCK HERE. YOU ARE NEEDED ON THE BRIDGE!







**CAPTAIN'S LOG: STARDATE 7494.3
WE ARE CAUGHT IN A TRACTOR BEAM,
PULLING US TOWARD THE MOON.**



**SCOTTY, WE'RE
GOING TO NEED
SUSTAINED
MAXIMUM
WARD.**

AYE...

**YE'LL
HAVE IT.**

**WELL,
SPOCK?**

**THE MOON
IS COMPUTER
CONTROLLED.**

**I'VE USED
OUR COMPUTER
TO ESTABLISH A
RADIO MODEM
INTERFACE...**

**...AND
ANALYZE
ITS
PROGRAM.**

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(2,3) 79

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**CAPTAIN,
WE'RE LOSING
POSITION.**

**HOLD THAT
HELM, SULU.
KEEP US
STERN ON
TO IT.**

**NOT BUILT TO LAND,
THE ENTERPRISE
IS DRAWN TOWARD
A COLLISION THAT
COULD CRIPPLE HER.**

**THAT "MOON" IS NOT UNIQUE.
THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE
IT SCATTERED THROUGH
THE GALAXY...**

**...BUILT BY AN
ANCIENT CULTURE
FOR A SPECIFIC
PURPOSE.**

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THE ALIENS WE FOUND IN THE
HYPER-SLEEP CHAMBERS ARE
DESCENDANTS OF A SPECIES
THAT WAS "PLANTED" ON
THEIR PLANET BY THE
BUILDERS OF THAT
MOON...

AS OTHERS OF
THEIR SPECIES WERE
PLACED IN OTHER
STAR SYSTEMS TO
EVOLVE ALONG
OTHER PATHS.



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SPOCK! WHAT ABOUT
THAT "MOON" AND
ITS TRACTOR
BEAM?

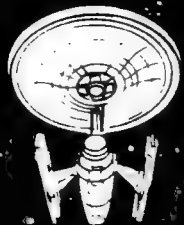
I'M
COMING
TO THAT,
CAPTAIN.



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ENGINEERING TO BRIDGE:
WE HAVE A MALFUNCTIONING
ENERGY RELEASE CONTROL.
WE'VE GONE TO MANUAL
OVERRIDE, BUT CIRCUITRY
IS BEGINNING TO
OVERLOAD.

DO WHAT
YOU CAN,
SCOTTY.



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SPOCK, WHAT'S THAT
THING DOING? WHY
WAS IT BUILT?

THEY'RE OBSERVATION
POSTS, PROGRAMMED TO
RETURN WITH THOSE
WHO REACH THE LEVEL OF
TECHNOLOGY REQUIRED
TO ACHIEVE A MOON
LANDING.



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THOSE LITTLE ALIENS
WERE IN THE HYPER-
SLEEP CHAMBERS ON
THAT "MOON" FOR OVER
900 YEARS...

WHY DIDN'T
IT RETURN
WITH THEM
LONG AGO?

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I HAVE NO DATA ON THAT,
BUT ITS PROGRAM CALLS
FOR IT TO RETURN NOW.

AND WE ARE
PREVENTING IT
FROM COMPLETING
ITS MISSION.

1.4.80 Dist. by L.A. Times Synd

WHY IS IT USING THAT
TRACTOR BEAM ON US?

1.4.80

IT WANTS THOSE
LITTLE ASTRONAUTS,
CAPTAIN... WITH,
OR WITHOUT, US.

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ENGINES FULL AHEAD. THE
GREAT STARSHIP IS PULLED
CLOSER TO THE METAL MOON.

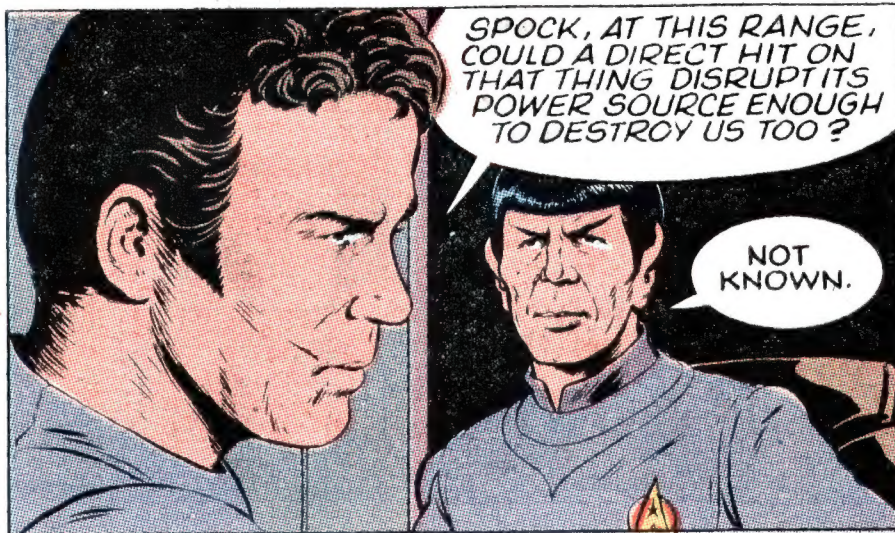


STAR TREK

a creation of GENE RODDENBERRY

WARP ENGINES STRAINING, THE ENTERPRISE IS UNABLE TO BREAK FREE OF THE TRACTOR BEAM...

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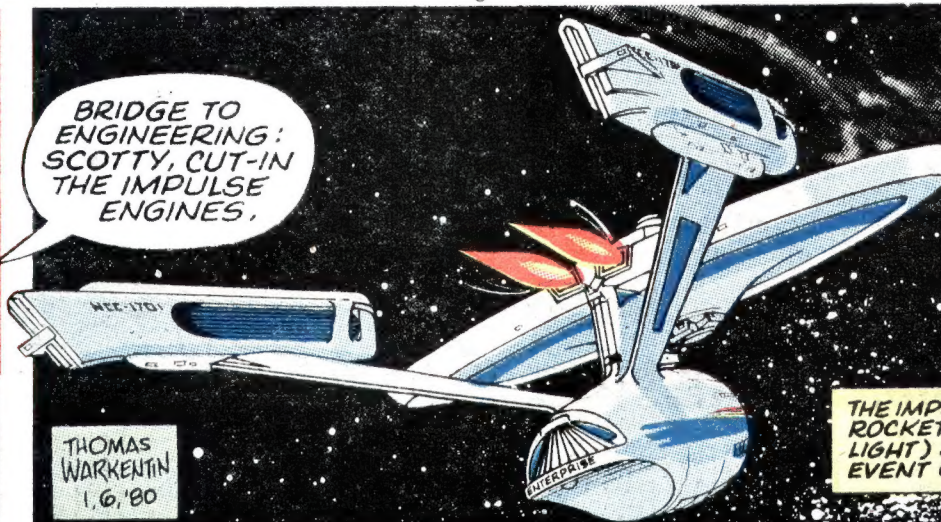
SPOCK, AT THIS RANGE, COULD A DIRECT HIT ON THAT THING DISRUPT ITS POWER SOURCE ENOUGH TO DESTROY US TOO?

NOT KNOWN.



BRIDGE TO ENGINEERING: SCOTTY, CUT-IN THE IMPULSE ENGINES.

THOMAS WARKENTIN
1.6. '80



THE IMPULSE ENGINES ARE CONVENTIONAL ROCKETS, INCAPABLE OF WARP (HYPER-LIGHT) SPEEDS, NORMALLY USED IN THE EVENT OF WARP DRIVE FAILURE.

CAPTAIN... MATTER AND ANTIMATTER STILL APPROACHING RED ZONE PROXIMITY. IF THAT THING'S SO HUNGRY, A COUPLE OF PHOTON TORPEDOS MIGHT CURB ITS APPETITE!

THAT'S A POINT, SCOTTY.



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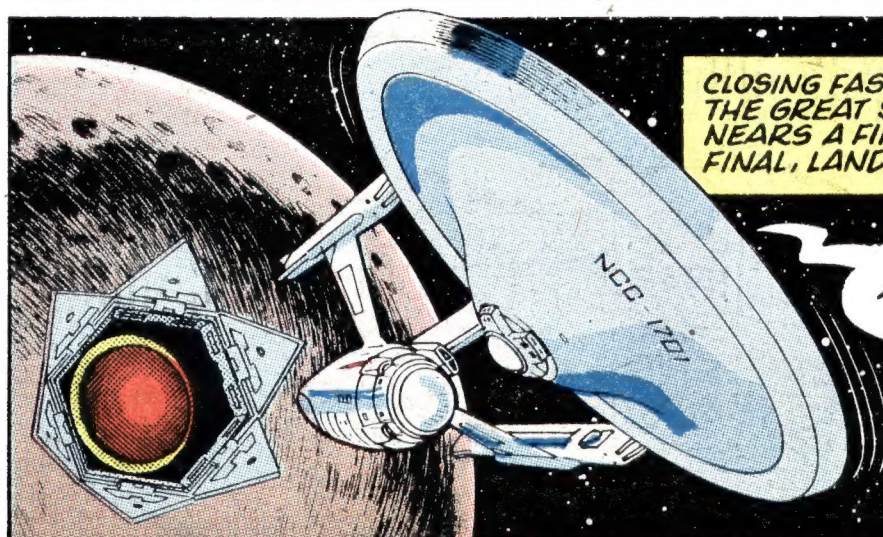
SPOCK, IT'S CONTROLLED BY COMPUTER. CAN'T YOU REASON WITH IT?

NEGATIVE... IT WON'T DISCUSS IT. ...IT DIDN'T ASK FOR THOSE ASTRONAUTS. IT WAS A DIRECT ORDER.

CLOSING FASTER NOW. THE GREAT STARSHIP NEARS A FIRST, AND FINAL, LANDING.

CHEKOV, ARM PHOTON TORPEDOS...

SET FOR PROXIMITY EXPLOSION.





JIM, YOU'VE GOT TO...

WHAT IS IT, BONES?

I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL!



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DON'T BITE MY HEAD OFF! I TOLD THEM ABOUT US, AND... I TOLD THEM ABOUT THE WAR ON THEIR PLANET 900 YEARS AGO.



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THEY WANT US TO PUT THEM BACK ON THAT METAL MOON.



THEY BELIEVE THAT "MOON" IS CONTROLLED BY... GODS... A SACRED VEHICLE THAT WILL CARRY THEM TO A PARADISE.

BONES, HOW FAST CAN YOU GET THEM TO THE TRANSPORTER ROOM DRESSED AS WE FOUND THEM?



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GIVE ME TEN MINUTES.

YOU HAVE FIVE.



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BRIDGE TO TRANSPORTER ROOM... PREPARE TO BEAM TWO TO THE MOON. MISTER SPOCK WILL GIVE YOU THE COORDINATES.

AYE, SIR.



